SOME NEW BOOKS.

Tolstel's Model School. "I am convinced that the school has no business to intervene in education, which is purely a family affair; that the school ought not to punish or to reward; that it has not the right to do so; that its best police and administration consists in leaving to the pupils absolute liberty to learn and to get along together as they please." Such are the theories which the Count LEON TOLETOI professed in 1862, and applied to his model school of Yasnais Poliana, founded on his own domain in the province of Toula. The Count has written an acbeen translated into French under the title L'École de Yasnaia Poliana (Paris, Savine),

Tolstoi's story of the school experiment is as charming as a romance and as suggestive as dialogue of Plato. It is the work of an anar chist entirely possessed by the primitive and unsophisticated Christian idea of justice and mercy; the work of a philanthropist who has ught to rid himself of all prejudices, and to discover in the natural instincts of man the laws and methods of man's intellectual development: at the same time it is the work of an analyst and of a prodigious artist. It puts everything in question, and admits only the sacredness of the individual temperament, There are as many kinds of men as there are individuals, he says, and society lives by this

The first condition of the school was anarchy disorder, or free order, as Tolstoi puts it. The pupils, forty in number, could come to school or not, as they thought proper; no punishments, no lessons out of school, no prizes, no violence, no rules to prevent a child leaving the class at any moment, or making as much noise as he pleased. Out of disorder, as Tolstoi maintains, order will spring of itself, and an order much better and more stable than any artificial order which we might try to impose. Scholars, according to Tolstol, are beings subject young as they may be, to the same necessitie as we are thinking beings as we are. They all wish to learn, and that is why they go to sch and that is why they arrive without effort at the conclusion that in order to learn they must accent cortain conditions. Not only are they men, but they constitute a society of beings bound together by one common thought. In yielding to simple laws derived from nature, they neither revolt nor murmur; where as, in yielding to your untimely authority, they do not admit the legitimacy of your bells, your class hours, and your rules, Nor is this merely theory. Tolstol's school actually existed in this disorder, without programme, and, above all, without punishment; for children, he thinks, ought to remain pure from falsehood, and from that criminal belief in the legitimacy of retribution where vengeance becomes just the moment we give it the name of punishment.

The instruction imparted in Tolstoi's school comprised reading, writing, arithmetic, mathematics, singing and drawing. But the studies most popular with the little moujiks were sing ing, reading, and especially narrations, whereas mathematics and analysis were generall unpopular. "What is the good of so much mathematics?" they asked. "To tell stories is much better, or else history, and then we un-

The curious feature in this book is that the children are always asking Tolstoi what is the good of this and of that, and the good Tolstoi repeats the question to himself and is not always able to answer it. During a walk in the country with his scholars, one of them asks Tolstoi what is the good of singing? Why learn singing? What is the good of drawing? What is the good of art? What's the good of a stick, of a lime tree? And Tolstoi his serious little friends talk the whole matter over, and conclude that besides the useful there is the beautiful, and that art is beauty. Then other people step in and ask Tolstoi what is the good of developing the minds of little peasant boys to such a degree? Why does he put into their heads ideas and ts which will render them dissatisfied with their lot? Why try to raise them above their station? To this Tolstoi replies that his little mouliks learn to work as they learn to What they need is the result of the preceding favored generations who have not been crushed by the burden of toil. "But you," says Tolstoi, addressing himself to his rich critics, "like the priests of Egypt, you hide yourselves behind a mysterious veil, you bury in the earth the treasure of knowledge which history bequeathed to you. Do not fear; nothing that is human can do harm to man."

Returning in another chapter to this que tion of art, Tolstoi poses this dilemma: either the arts in general are useless and hurtful, which is less strange than it seems at first sight; or else, each one, without distinction of classes and of occupations, has a right to art. a right to abandon himself completely to it, in virtue of this axiom, that art does not suffer mediocrity. "To ask whether the children of the people have a right to the arts is like asking if they have a right to eat meat, that is to say, to satisfy the necessities of their human nature. This is not the question; the impor tant thing is to know whether the meat is good which we offer or refuse to the people. Likewise, in distributing to the people certain knowledge that we possess, and in remarking the deleterious influence of this knowledge. I conclude, not that the people is bad because it does not accept this knowledge, nor that it is too little developed to accept and utilize th knowledge, but that the knowledge is bad and abnormal, and that we must, with the aid of the people, elaborate new knowledge suit able to all of us, both to cultivated people and to the common people." Tolstoi judges that this knowledge and these arts thrive among us without seeming to be hurtful, while they can not thrive among the people, and seem hurtful to them simply because this knowledge and these arts are not such as are wanted in general: we live amid them only because we ar deprayed. Why do we conclude that the are false because the people will not accept them? Because we, the intelligent, are a thousand, while they, the people, are a million

This reasoning of Tolstoi is a little alarming for will it not lead us to the terrible tribunal of universal suffrage in art and literature? Wil it not justify the system of classing artists and literary men by the votes of the greatest num ber, a plan which may place a genius at the bottom of one list and a donkey at th head of the other? But such is the fascinating sincerity of Tolstoi that even this terrible re sult does not frighten him. Perhaps, after all, if the truth were known, the genius a bad painter and the donker is great writer. If such be really the case. Tolstoi must not find it strange if many should cease to aspire to truth and justice and desire to continue in a state of unredeemed deprayity. In painting, sculpture, music and poetry, according to Tolstoi, the simple people have pure taste, while the taste of the intelligent is vitlated. The Venus of Mile will excite in the eyes of the people the disgust which the nudity of a woman rightly provokes; the last quatuor of Bee thoven will seem to be a disagreeable noise the finest piece of poetry will appear to be a mere string of words. In matter of music an poetry, it is Toistoi's conclusion and con-viction that "all that we have done in these two branches is false, exclusive, without algoation, without future, and null in parison with the wants of the people and even with the works of which we flad specimens among the people." Or, in other words, Tol stol is convinced that many a popular song an melody is more absolutely and completely fin than the last symphony of Beethoven or suc and such a poem of Pushkin's; and that Push kin and Beethoven please us, not because they express absolute beauty, but be cause we are as deprayed as they are because they flatter equally our normal irritability and our weakness. As for worn-out paradox that the appreciation of beauty demands a certain preparation Tolstoi considers it to be a mere subteri which we are forced by the falseness of our soint of view of art being the exclusive privilege

of a few. Why are the beauty of the sun auty of a human face, the beauty of a popular song, the beauty of love and of sacri-fice. accessible to each one and require no preparation? Tolstof's experience in school eaching has convinced him that the need of artistic enjoyment and the worship of art exists in every human person, whatever his race and sphere, and that this need is legitimate and pught to be satisfied. And raising this maxim to the dignity of an axiom, he says that if en-joyment by means of art and its universal culture offer inconveniences and drawbacks, the cause is not in the method of initiation, not in the propagation or concentration of art among several or a few, but in the character and tendencies of art; and we ought on this point to be circumspect for fear of inculcating false ideas in the young generation, and also in order to give to this young generation the means of elaborating an art that shall be new

both in form and matter. These speculations are attractive, and often the sincerity and logic of Count Tolstol carry us away and make us form visious of a happie future, when the world will be all bliss and reason. But then the thought strikes us that Plate treated the same questions with Secretic frankness, and arrived at profound truths which humanity has received with long centuries of indifference. Tolatol contends that before a youth goes to college the teaching of history and geography is not only useless but also presents grave disadvantages. He likewise proves most eloquently that the torture of examinations is a vestige of the most cloudy phases of barbarism, and the system of rewards, prises, and punishments a dangerous and unchristian invention. If

all this is true, how many years will pass before men pay heed to this Russian Plato? After all kinds of experiments, Tolstoi finds that the Bible is the book that children like best to read. "The book of the childhead of the human race will," he says, "always be the best ook for the childhood of each man. To re place this book seems to me impossible. To odify or abridge the Bible is pernicious Everything in the Bible, every word, is true as revelation, and true as art. I know of no book which contains, in the same degree as the Bible, and in a poetical form so concise, all the phases of human thought. All natural phenomens are explained in this book, all the primitive relations of men-family, society religion-appear in this book for the first time. repeat, my conviction, deduced, perhaps, from an exclusive experiment, is that, without the Bible in our society as without Homer in Greek society, the development of the child and of the man is impossible. The Bible is the only elementary book of reading for children."

Lon's Mistery of the Inquisition

We outlined on a former occasion the plan of the elaborate and useful work-A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages, by HENRY CHARLES LEA (Harpers). As the title of the book implies, it is not the author's purpose to liscuss in its political and religious bearings the Spanish inquisition which took form under Ferdinand and Isabella, and which reached its some of authority under Philip II. In the three volumes, of which the second is now published, he confines himself to recount ing the origin and history Holy Office up to the latter part of the fifteenth century. The conditions which, to the mind of Oatholic Europe, seemed to justify the forging of a potent engine of purgation-and especially the spread of the Catharan heresy in Languedoc about the beginning of the thirteenth century-were exhaustively examined in the introductory volume. There, too, were exhibited the results of the crusade against the Albigenses (as the believers in the Catharan doctrines were called in France) as well as of analogous movements undertaken for the extirpation of the followers of Peter Waldo. On the other hand, the special object of the volume before us is to show the workings of the inquisition after it had been organized in Languedoc, in France, in Italy, in part of the Spanish peninsula, in Germany, and in Bohemia. Ostensibly, the field covered by the second installment of the work ex-tends to the formation of the Spanish inquisition by Ferdinand the Catholic; but some interesting topics, such as the suppression of the Templars in the reign of Philip the Fair, are reserved for the third and con-

In the preliminary chapters of the second volume, which now lies before us, Mr. Lea brings out distinctly the social and political effect of the work done by the Crusaders and the inquisitors on the south of France. Let us look first at its bearing on civilization. Not only was the social evolution of Europe retarded by more than two centuries, but its focus of development was moved from Provencal-speaking to Italian-speaking peoples. It is certain, for example, that but for that crusade Dante would have written the Divine Comedy in the tongue used by Sordello. We quote a paragraph in which the author sums up the product of researches set forth in a hundred par the twelfth century the south of France had been the most civilized land of Europe. There commerce, industry, art, science had been far in advance of the age. The cities had won virtual self-government, were proud of their wealth and strength, jealous erties, and self-sacrificing in their patriotism. The nobles, for the most part, were cultivated men, poets themselves or patrons of poetry, who had learned that their prosperity depended on the prosperity of their subjects, and that municipal liberties were a saleguard rather than a menace to a wise ruler. The crusaders came, and their unfinished work was taken up and executed to the bitter end by the inquisition. It left a ruined and impoverished country, with shattered industry and failing commerce. The native nobles were broken by sonfiscation and replaced by strangers, who oc-supled the soil, introducing the harsh customs of Northern feudalism, or the despotic principles of the Roman law in the extensive domain acquired by the crown. A people of rare nat-ural gifts were tortured, decimated, humiliated, despoiled for a century and more. The precocious civilization which had promised to lead Europe in the path of culture was gone. and to Italy was transferred the honor of the renaissance. In return for this was unity of

faith and a Church which had been hardened and vittated and secularized in the strife." On the other hand, to France, considered as whole, the political consequences of the blight which fell on Languedoc were useful. A powerful impulse was communicated to the powe of the crown, which was to be for centuries t mainstay against disintegrating forces, the single pledge of national unity. Mr. Lea shows how the inquisition indirectly and uncon-sciously helped to consolidate the kingdom. "In the very triumph of the inquisition was the assurance of its decline. Supported by the State, it had earned and repaid the royal favor by the endless stream of confiscations which it poured into the royal coffers. Perhaps nothing contributed more to the consolidation of the royal supremacy than the change of ownership which threw into new hands so large a portion of the lands of the south. The royal officials grasped everything on which they could lay their hands, whether on the excuse of treason or of heresy, with little regard to any rights; and although the integrity of Louis IX. caused an inquest to be held in 1969, which restored a vast amount of prop erty illegally held, this was but a small fraction of the whole. * * It was not only the ac tual heretics and their descendants who were disposessed, the land had been so deeply tinedisposessed, the land had been so deeply tinc-tured with heresy that there were few indeed whose sacestors could not be shown by the records of the inquisitionite have incurred the fatal taint of associating with them. The rich bourgeoids of the cities were despoiled on the same protexts. * * In this respect the in-quisition was building better than it knew. In thus adding to establish the record. thus aiding to establish the royal power over the newly acquired provinces, it was contribut ing to erect an authority which was destined in the end to reduce it to comparative insignifi-cance. With the disappearance of Catheriem Languedoc becomes as much a part of the monarchy as the Isle de France, and the career

of its inquisition merges into that of the rest of the kingdom.

With the tragic story of the Templars reserved for future investigation, the reader is not inclined to linger over the chapter of this colume allotted to France, but hastens to Bohemia, where, in the Hussites, Catholicism had a formidable enemy. It is not surprising that the Waldensian heresy gained a firm foothold among the Czechs at an early date, for so defective were the means of enforcing Papal regulations, that as late as the close of the twelfth century the law of celibacy was unknown among its secular clergy. By 1330 the Waldenses had a thoroughly organized church in Bohemia, whose emissaries were active throughout Moravia and Silesia, then appanages of the Bohemian crown, as well as in Saxony and Poland.

In the latter part of the same century we be hold in Bohemia a curious counterpart of the state of things which had existed in Languedoc two centuries before. This was the golder age of the native Czech civilization. From the founding of the University of Prague in 1347 the advance was particularly rapid. We reproduce a passage on the subject from Mr. Lea's seventh chapter: "During the latter half of the fourteenth century Bohemia was one of the most flourishing kingdoms of Europe. Its mines of the precious metals gave it wealth; the freedom enjoyed by its peasantry raised them mentally and morally above the level of the seris of other lands; culture and enlightenment were diffused from its university. It was renowned throughout the continent for the splendor of its churches, which in size and number were nowhere exceeded. At the monastry of Königsaal, where the Bohemian kings lay buried, around the walls of the garden the thole of the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations was engraved, with letters enlarging in size with their distance from the ground, so that all could be easily read. Wealth and culture, however, were accompanied with cor ruption. Nowhere were the clergy more worldly and depraved. Concubinage was well-nigh universal, and simony pervaded the Church in all its ranks; the sacraments were sold and penitence compounded for. All the abuses, for which clerical immunity furnished opportunity, flourished, and the land was overrun by vagrants whose tonsure gave them charter to rob and brawl and dice and drink." It was the popular revolt against these clerical abuses which paved the way for the Hussite protest against some of the dogmas of the Catholic To English students the feature of special in

terest in the history of Hussiam is the fact that this heresy was as unquestionably an outgrowth of Wickliffism as the latter was a suc essor of Waldenslanism. It was the impunity of Wickliffe's career, not with standing the helief of his disciples that the Popes of the time were Antichrist, which caused Huss to deem it impossible that he himself could be punished as a heretic, and it is a curious circumstance that he suffered at the stake on the pretext of preaching the one Wicklifflte doctrine, that in relation to the Eucharist, which he repudiated. Another incident in Huss's life is worth recalling, now that we are witnessng a vigorous revival of the Czech sentimen of nationality. We refer to the decree which he procured in 1409 from King Wenceslaus, whereby the Czech nation in the Prague university was in all elections to have three votes, and the other three nations combined only one. It was this innovation that caused the German professors and students to abandon Prague in oody and found the university of Leipsic. There is no doubt that the burning of Huss at Constance, notwithstanding his safe conduct. was an infamous act of perfldy. On this head Mr. Lea cites a pertinent colloquy which took place in the council: " He could truly say, when he stood up in the council to meet his accusers I came hither of my own free will. Had I re fused to come, neither the King nor the Emperor could have forced me, so numerous are the Bohemian lords who love and who would have afforded me protection.' And when the Cardinal Peter d'Allly exclaimed the impudence of the man!' John of Chlum calmly arose, and said: 'He speaks the truth, for, though I have little power compared with others in Bohemia. I could easily defend him for a year against the whole strength of both monarchs. Judge, then, how much more could they whose forces are greater and whose castles are stronger than The execution of Huss and his disciple, Jerome of Prague, was followed by a resolution of the Council of Constance to rigorously apply inquisitorial methods to the kingdom of Bohemia. But against a whole nation in revolt these of course proved inoperative, and it was necessary, as it had been in the case of Languedoc, to resort to a crusade. Yet it was ten years before the united resources of Catholic Christendom sufficed to crush the Hussite heresy in Bohemia. Rooted out it never was. It survived in the Bohemian Brethren and in their successors, the Moravian Brethren who through emigrants and missionaries have become so well known in the United States.

In the chapter on the "Inquisition in the Spanish Peninsula," Mr. Lea does not omit to emphasize a fact likely to surprise a good many readers, namely, that in the great Kingdom of Castile and Leon, the Holy Office can scarcely be said to have existed before the marriage of its Queen, Isabella, with Ferdinand of Arragon. Far from being a congenial. Castile was a rebellious soil to that institution with which. in the sixteenth century, it was to be inseper ably associated. Mr. Lea dismisses as utterly unworthy of belief "the Dominican legend which relates how St. Dominic returned from Rome to Spain, as Inquisitor-General, on the errand of establishing there the inquisition, for the purpose of punishing the renegade converted Jews and Moors; how he was warmly welcomed by San Fernando III., and organized the inquisition throughout the land, celebrating himself the first auto-da-fe at Burgos, where three hundred apostates were burned This myth Mr. Les classes with the statement of another chronicler that "St. Boniface was in inquisitor, and, with the support of Pepin le Bref, burned many heretics." It is true that lists are given of successive Inquisitors-General of the peninsula throughout the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but these, according to the author, were "simply the Dominican provincials, who were empowered by the Popes o appoint inquisitors, but whose exercise of hat power did not extend beyond Aragor It is in truth imperative, if we would rightly understand mediæval Spanish his-tory, to keep in mind that up to the of the union of the crowns, Aragon and Castile had very little in common beyond geographical position. From the eleventh to the latter half of the fifteenth century, Aragon was rather a Provencal than a Spanish kingiom; the language of the Catalans was a dia lect of the Provencal, and its people had far closer relations with the southern French and the Italians than with the Castilians. In the Siete Partidas issued in 1255 and 1265, although the inquisition was then thoroughly organized and in vigorous activity in many parts Europe. Alonso the Wise does not allude to it. On the contrary, "in his regulation by secular law of the relations between the heretic and the Church he shows how completely up to this period Spain [Castile?] had remained outside of the great ecclesiastical movements of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries." Manifestly. Alonso and his counsellors considered the preservation of the purity of the faith wholly an affair of State. Nor was any change in this respect deemed necessary 1848, when the Partidas were confirmed by the popular assembly. In 1401 and the fol year, Pope Boniface IX. made a determined of ort to establish the inquisition in Castile, bu his bull remained inoperative for nearly eighty years. It must not, however, be assumed that Mr. Lea concurs with Buckle and many other historians in utterly condemning Ferdinand the Catholic and his successors for applying inquisitorial methods to the Spanish peninsula with unexampled rigor. He does not at this time enter on a prolonged discussion of the subject, but the drift of his opinions may be clearly seen from a remark on page 187; "Here-after I hope to have the opportunity of showing

that from both the militious and the political standpoint of the age, the measures taken by Ferdinand and Isabella were by no means without justification, however mistaken they were

both in morals and in policy." The most interesting fact in the chapter which portrays the work accomplished by the inquisition in Italy, is the disability under which the Holy Office labored in the dominions of the Venetian republic. Even when elsewhere in the Italian peninsula the institution seemed most irresistible, it was persistently discouraged and sometimes openly defled by the Doges and the Signory. Compared with the state of things in countries where the inquisition flourished, the lot of Venetian citizens or subjects was serene and happy.

What M. de Lesseps Remembers, Ever since the revolution of 1848 M. FER. DINAND DE LESSEPS has been conspicuously before the public, and since the completion of the Suez Canal he has ranked with Thiers and Victor Hugo among the greatest Frenchmen of his time. With regard to many of the great events and eminent persons of the last half century he speaks with the insight and authority of one who has stood behind the scenes, while in relation to the memorable enterprises with which his name is linked what he has to say is fraught with particular significance. In his Recollections of Forty Years (Appletons many misconceptions are corrected, and if, with reference to questions yet pending, as, for example, the possibility of completing the Panama Canal, he does not manage to reverse the current of opinion, he strenuously endeavors to secure, at all events, a suspension of judgment.

We do not suppose that many readers of our day will be much interested in the 118 pages of this volume which are devoted to the author's mission to Rome in connection with the French expedition under Gen. Oudinot. It has long een well understood that the original purpos of this military demonstration differed materially from that which its organizers subsequently adopted. Conceived in a thoroughly liberal spirit, the work ultimately accomplished by the expedition was destructive to the hopes of Italian liberalism. It is also well known that this change of intention coincided in point of time with a change in the temper of French legislators. The Constituent Assembly which sanctioned the despatch of troops to Civita Vecchia had been decidedly republican. The Legislative Assembly which reactionary and beheld with pleasure the can ture of Rome and the strangulation of the Italian republic by the soldiers of a Govern ment that was no longer republican except in name. But, while there is nothing new or disputable about these facts, it is natural that M. de Lesseps should wish to recall them, because his own part in the events of that day was then misrepresented, and has never perhaps been rightly understood. The documents which he now prints show plainly that M. de Lessens zealously labored to avert hostilities between the Italian Liberals and the French troops, but that, in doing so, he faithfully obeyed his instructions, the only breaches of duty and good faith having been committed by President Louis Napoleon and his Minister for

Foreign Affairs, M. Drouyn de Lhuys. The account of the origin of the Suez Canal is curious. Few results of striking magnitude have ever proceeded from smaller beginnings or in the face of greater obstacles. It appears that Said Pasha, the predecessor of Ismail, had as a child been taught to ride by M. de Lesseps, who was much liked and trusted by Mohemet Ali. When his former pupil became Vicercy of Egypt in 1854, he sent for the author to come to Cairo. The latter had been, we are told, for some time studying in detail "all the questions relating to the Suez Canal, and was erfectly familiar with the isthmus. I was perfeetly satisfied of the possibility of cutting the canal—an enterprise which had taken possession of my imagination after reading the memoirs of Lepère, the head engineer in the expedition of Gen. Bonaparte." M. de Lesseps tells us that he convinced Said Pasha's Generals of his engineering competence by jumping a fence, so that "when the Viceroy showed them the memorandum I had drawn up, they were unanimous in my he to do with it? Luckily, he had a good many personal friends that were rich. Of these he got a hundred to join him for the purpose of founding a company. "We each of us." he says, put in a share of \$1,000, and this share is now worth \$200,000. This sum served for the pre liminary investigations, which I had made by engineers whom I had brought from Europe to examine the ground, which had never before een done, as no one had ever the canal could be made except with the water of the Nile. But I had always been of the opin ion that as the two seas were on the same level -stoutly as this was denied-the work to be undertaken must be a purely maritime one. I stuck to my text in spite of all opposition, and my obstinacy has had its reward."

It was more than fifteen years after the procurement of this concession from Said Pashs before the Suez Canal was inaugurated. The delays and obstacles by which M. de Lossen was long embarrassed, if never discouraged were mainly caused, as is well known, by the interposition of the British Government, and particularly of Lord Palmerston. The incident which, in the opinion of the author, finally brought about the grant of the decisive firman is thus recounted: "When Napoleon III. arrived at Marseilles on April 30, 1865, to embark on his yacht, the Aigle, on his way to Algeria the Grand Vizier, Fuad Pasha, who had come to the south of France to recruit his health, was among the crowd of notables that were grouped around the Emperor, who, for his part, took no notice of him and did not reply to his bow. He then came up closer and asked the Emperor i his Majesty had any cause of complaint against him or his Government. The only answer he got was an expressive gesture, accompanying

the single word, 'the firman.' To Gordon we find the following allusion. which is worth considering in any estimate of the man, because the author of this book knew him well, and is better acquainted than any other living European with the Soudan and the difficulties of governing it: "When Gordon was at Khartoum as Governor the Vicercy informed me that he had summoned him to Cairo to join the committee of inquiry of which I was President. I said to him. 'You are wrong. Gordon is a man of great ability, very intelligent, very honest, and very plucky, keeps all the Soudan accounts in his pocket on small pieces of paper. he pays out he puts in his right pocket, and all that he receives in his left. He then makes up two bags and sends them to Cairo, and money is sent back to him. He is not the man to regulate the affairs of Egypt.' The Viceroy then telegraphed to him to remain where he was, but he was so active that he came all the same, as he was administering the country in a very able manner, according to the traditions left by Said Pasha I asked him to peruse the explanations of these decrees the decrees of Said Pashal which he had not read, and which I had got translated. He followed them up afterward. and if there had been no English expedition, the Soudan would not be, as it is now, a standing menace to Egypt. These are historical facts which I am stating and which are not to

be found elsewhere."

It will be remembered that the French Government joined England in submitting an uitimatum to Tewfik Pasha at the date of Arabi's revolt, yet, notwithstanding the rejection of their peremptory demand, refused to combin in the execution of the implied threat, and withdrew the French war vessels from the port of Alexandria. How this came about is ex-plained by M. de Lesseps. "Being in London at the time of the English expedition. I learned that Alexandria was about to be bombarded. to Paris and begged Measrs. de Freycinet and

rested, and which thanks to the engineers sailors, &c., whom we have sent out, has propered, is about to be bombarded. We France must not be responsible for the carnage. When I knew it, it had a population of 45,000; now it has 200,000 inhabitants, It was created by France, and we cannot demolish it.' A telegram was then sent to our fleet ordering it to withdraw."

ROOK NOTES.

Lady Elizabeth Cust is the author of "The Invalid's Own Book" (W. S. Gottsberger), a collection of recipes for the sick room.

Rand, McNally & Co.'s "Standard Map of

California" is the latest and best. Both printing and coloring leave nothing to be desired. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is the author of "Sarah Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's" (Charles Scribner's Sons), a story for little people, witty, lively, interesting, and

An exceedingly taking illustrated book is "The Tailor Made Girl," by Philip H. Welch (Charles Scribner's Sons). The text is witty, the pictures clever and elegant, and the whole volume most attractive,

Frank Stockton's story of "The Dusantes" is published by the Century Company in the same handsome style as its predecessor, the tale of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. It is an interesting romance, and completes in a satisfactory manner the Pacific adventures of the two wandering ladies. It is one of Stockton's best. The last number of the "Questions of the

Day" series, published by the Putnams, con ains a paper on "Property in Land" by Henry Winn, which skilfully exposes the fallacies of Herbert Spencer and Henry George, and dissusses the American system of taxation, which n the writer's opinion, is defective and unjust. We have received from the Herderse lagshandlung of St. Louis "Canada and New-

foundland." by Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg, an Austrian traveller, who has produced several books on North America. His narrative is full of interesting information clearly and attractively presented, but the peculiar charm of his book consists in the admirable illustrations

"The Art of Investing," by a New York proker (Appletons), is a little volume full of correct information and of sound advice, but about as useful to a capitalist as a similar treatise on playing the violin would be to s man desiring to learn that instrument. The safe and profitable investment of money requires the wisdom which comes only by expeience, and cannot be taught by a book,

As Warren's once famous novel, "Ten Thousand a Year," illustrated the law of real property in England, so Mr. Thomas Edgar Willson's. "It is the Law" (Belford, Clarke & Co.). may be called a story of marriage and divorce in the State of New York. It reads quite as much like a law book as a romance; but it is by no means lacking in original studies of character, in sentimental passages, and metaphysical discourse.

The "Cornell University Register for 1887-88" shows that institution to be in a very flourishing condition. The students in all departments number 1.022, or nearly 200 more than last year. Departments of law and pharmacy have been established and are doing well, two new buildings have been projected, and the conditions for admission are to be made some what more stringent. Large additions have also been made to the faculty.

A little volume by J. H. Long, entitled "Slips of Tongue and Pen" (Appletons), contains a great deal of good advice on the subject of writing and speaking correct English. Practised writers, as well as beginners in composition, can derive much advantage from its pages. If the author errs at all, it is on the side of over-preciseness. Some of his distinctions seem too fine for every-day use. But this

is a fault, if such it be, on the right side. "A. B. C. of Agriculture" (O. Judd & Co.) con sists of a number of elementary essays by Mason C. Weld and other practical farmers. They are simply written and go directly to the point. The same firm publish also Seth Green's Home Fishing and Home Waters," a little volume filled with valuable information. It is mainly a treatise on the artificial propagation of fish, with hints on angling for black bass, the construction of fish ponds, and the like.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, pastor of the Brick Church in this city, is the author of a pamphlet entitled "The National Sin of Literary Piracy" (Scribners), an eloquent ples in favor of an international copyright law as a matter of religion and good morals. He takes the curious ground that the "decline of the American spirit in a certain class of our youth." together with other evils, is traceable to the influence of cheap reprints of commonplace Eng-

lish fiction. We have received from the Century Company Nos. 11 and 12 of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," admirably printed and illustrated. Those who suppose that the present publicaion is merely a reproduction of the papers on the war which have heretofore appeared in the Century magazine labor under a mistake. The publishers announce that more than half the articles and pictures embraced in the present work did not appear in the magazine. It is therefore virtually a new work.

We have received from the Government Printing Office at Washington "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Government Publications of the United States" from Sept. 5, 1774, to March 4. 1881, compiled under the supervision of fajor Ben Perley Poore. This has proved a colossal undertaking, and, as the compiler con esses, can lay no claim to exhaustiveness of general accuracy. Years of patient research and collaboration would be required to ensure that. It will prove, however, of very great value, in view of the mystery and confusion in which the number and character of Govern

ment publications were formerly enveloped. The latest installment of Count Tolstol's writings offered to the English-speaking publie is entitled "The Long Exile and Other Sto ries for Children." translated by Nathan Haskell Dole, and published by Thomas Y. Crowel & Co. It illustrates once more the versatility of this remarkable man, who, having taken high rank as a novelist, a theologian, a moralist, a historian, and a political economist, here presents himself as an educational reformer and a writer for children. In the last named capacity he puts forth ideas which to American educators will doubtless appear original and impracticable. The chapter entitled "School Scenes at Yasnaya Polyana" gives a full account of the school established by him on his estate of that name. The style in which these stories are written is limpld and artless and a very charming impression is given of the confiding. almost parental relations existing between th Count and the children of his school.

A very interesting publication is "The Story

of Jewad," a romance by Ali Aziz Efendi, the Cretan, translated from the Turkish by E. J. W. Gibb (William S. Gottsberger), and which i supposed to have been written in 1796-97, two years before the author's death. The transle tion is severely literal, and faithfully reflects the antiquated, ornate style in vogue among Turkish writers when the book was produced The modern style in Ottoman literature the growth of the last sixty or seventy years is essentially different, and, in the translator; opinion, is better adapted to the Ottomagenius. The book may be considered in some sense as an offshoot from the era which pro-duced the "Thousand and One Nights," and is intended to illustrate the study and practice of the occult sciences among the dervishes a century or more ago. Much of the magic and diablery with which it abounds is likely enough intended to represent the ef-fects of hashish or similar intoxicating preparations, which Turkish magicians frequently made use of. As happens with ac many Eastern works of fiction, it has a numbe of secondary tales, which however, do not greatly interfere with the main narrative. The vivid Oriental imagination is everywhere apparent, and there are many quaint pictures of Turkish manners and society in the last cen-Ferry to come from the Eiyese, where a Cabi-nat council was being held. I said to them: and Mr. Gibb has done his work in a manner 'I warn you that Alexandria, which we have to reflect the true spirit of the original.

POEMS WORTH READING. Entrent Me Not to Leave Thee.

From the Boston Francript.

Entreat me not! Entreat me not to leave thee,
Long have we journeyed on our troubled way;
Pleasures and anguish have we shared together,
Cast me not off in loneliness, I pray. Entreat me not! For sake of those departed, Whose heartstrings throbbed when thou and I we whose spirits hover over us in blessing.
Whose leving voices linger in our ear.

Entrest me not! My arms would still be round thee, To stay the steps when failing strength is nigh; And when the shades of death's dark vale surround thee There would I sadly lay me down and die. For where thou goest there will I go with thee,
And where thou logerst I would also stay;
Thou and thy people shall still be my people.
Thy God, my God! Entrest me not. I pray.
Katz BROWNIES SHERWOO

We are Getting Old. Alas! From the Salem Gasette.

We did not fear them once—the dull gray mornings.
No cheerless burden on our spirite laid;
The long night watches did not bring us warnings.
That we were tenants of a house decayed.
The earliest snews like dreams to us descended;
The frost did fairy work on pane and bough;
Beauty, and power, and wonder have not ended—How is it that we tear the winter now!

Their home fires fall as bright on hearth and chamb. Their northern startight shines as coldly clear; The woods still keep their holy for December, The world a welcome yet for the new year; And far away, in old remembered places. The snowdrop rises and the robin sings. The sun and moon look out with loving faces; Why have our days forgot these goodly things?

Why is it now the north wind finds us shaken. By tempests dereer than its bitter blast, Which fair beliefs and friendships, too, have taken Away like summer foliage as they passed: And made life leadess in its pleasant valleys. Waning the light of promise from our day. Till the mists meet even in the inward palace, A dismess not like theirs to pass away?

A dimness not like theirs to pass away?

It was not thus when dreams of love and laurels
Gave sunshine to the winters of our youth.

Before its hopes had feel with the many quarrels.

Or time had bowed them with his has quarrels.

Bre wet the twilight found us strange and lonely.

With shadows coming when the fire burns low.

To tell of distant graves and losses only:

The past that casuot change and will not go.

Alas! dear friends, the winter is within us. Hard is the ice that grows about the heart, with petty cares and vain regress that win us. From life's true heritage and better part, Seasons and skies rejoice, yea, worship rather; But astions toil and tremble even as we. Hoping for harvests they will never gather. Fearing the winters which they may not see.

The Dude and the Damsel, The Didde and the Dames
From the Robericasher.
On mild Potomac's banks did dwell
A winsome maiden, passing fair,
With form and features very swell,
And shining, golden yellow hair.
Likewise this pretty gyuri had she
A pile of 28 58 fair to ase. In distant Gotham lived a youth,
A youth of manly form and mien,
Whose chiefest aim in ite forsooth
Was in new garments to be seen:
He joyed to travel on his shape,
Nor wished his tallor to escape.

Two hundred pairs of trousers gay were his delight, his joy, his pride, He added to them every day. And owned a hundred suits begide: His collars were a sight to see, lies neckties showe right gorgeousles. His cames he numbered by the score, His waistcoats famed of varied hue; He had full fifty hats or more And many a patent leather shoe; His gloves were fauliless, past compare His groves were fauliless, past compare His groves aliken underwear.

This swelly youth went every day
To sun him on the promenade.
To shew the world his garments gay
And fascinate each pretty maid:
He murmured, quite contentedee.
The women all are gone on me!" The pretty gynt in Washington.
She found her life a dreary blank:
Though sultors came in crowds, each one
She spurned, reguardless of his rank;
"Because," said be, "I do not feel
That they could fill my life's ideal." The army tried in vain to win This beautiful but joyless maid; Likewise the men, with lots of the The suring chink of gold essayed To Bench and Bar, she answered " I can't endure the borrid law."

But lo' it chanced that to that town There came the gorgeous Gotham youth, Said he. "I think I'll settle down." Said she. "My fate has come, in truth!" He saw the golden dollars' glean. She feit the power of love's young dream. "At last " at last " she murmured soft, At last my young ideal I see The lovely youth I've dreamed of cit, And swift my beart goes out to hee: I'm sure that all my life I can Be happy with that pretty man!" Quoth he: "Though as a usual thing I shy at marrying, lots of tin May reconcile me to a ring; Therefore I think I'll take this in!"

this Complexion Must We Come at Last

Complexion Must We Come as
From Illinois, Iowa.
Nebraska, and Dakota.
Nebraska, and Dakota.
Nebraska, and Dakota.
Nebraska, and Dakota.
To Michigan, Wisconsin, too,
And lovely Minnesota;
Prom Lake Superior's copper mines,
Through itoosler indiana.
To Mississippi's cotton fields
And low Louisiana.
I turnish wooden overcoats
To many an undertaker,
For banker, beggar, one and all,
The butcher and the baker—
Baker—
Butcher and the baker.
From gloom aways of Arkanas.

Butcher and the baker.

From gloomy awampa of Arkansaw
To sunny fouth Carolina.

Where salty marshes waving yield
Their rice to Pemp and Dinah:
From yellow orange groves I go
To purple fields of clover—
From Florida to Ohio,
I akim the country over.
And furnish wooden overcoats
To many an undertaker.
For banker, beggar, one and all,
The butcher and the baker—
Butcher and the baker.

I watch the farmer, North and South, His wheat and cotton growing:
From many a little stream to mouth I view the rivers flowing;
And every year I scan the woods To catch a dog wood blooming—First herald of the busiest time
For burrying and tombing:

Baker-Butcher and the baker.

Butcher and the baker.

Oh! Life is but a running race—
The bind ones and the head ones.
Where many a live mus sets the pace
For running after dead ones.
But he at last shail peter ous.
And tumble down a dying.
Shail need a wooden overcoss.
For wherefore are we crying?
For all the world shall peter out.
The butcher and the baker.
The banker and the drummer and
At last the undertaker—
Taker—
Ah, there; the undertaker. His Religion.

From the Boston Globe.

She goes to church, the plous pet,
To hear the parson preach;
I go to drink those lessons in
No mortal man may teach. She goes to church, the guildoss girl, To pour her soul in prayer; And se do I, but if she knew For what, oh, would she care? We kneel together, and I pray She may be mine. And then Falls from her lips, like prophe A low, half husbed "Amen!" I doubt me of idolatry
I have a little taint.
Since in the rubric of my heart
She's canonized a saint. I find my sermon in her smile, In her sweet voice my pealm; Her very presence in the place Breathes a celestial balm. To plety like mine, mayhap, The parson might demur; For, while she goes to worship God, I go to worship her.

To me she stands for all that's bright And best, below, above; My heart is but a shrine for her, And my religion Love I worship her, and shall fer aye, Whether I die or live; And He who made her what she is That worship will forgive. He is no tyrant envious. Cruel and cold and grim; Blest be His holy name, He knows In her I worship Him. Epitaphs,

From the San Francisco Post He acraped away the meay apray And acratched and the liches green. Inti he read: "Kate Kelly, dead. Age twenty seven; Kerosene." He sauntered on a rod or two And there he found another one: Moses Melchisidek McGlus Here lies below. Blow in his gun." He turned the corner with a moan, By thirst for knowledge goaded. And found upon another stone: "Didn't knew 'twas loaded!"

You who would ride old Per krough forests and o'er shining streams and should you give too free a rein For if he runs away and kicks, You'll lose your labor, sure as bricks. Should he be held too taut, he will so balk and buck that he may killoss your verses then will be, Not airy, clear, serone, and free. He who would ride, and ride him true, Must jump the earth and seek the blue; Forgetting not that flower and grase Through grantic fibres had to pass. The inspirations of the skies
May be enjoyed as on he files;
But when the need grows tired, come down;
He will not ily when he is blown.
Howard. Commun. FRIAR BOSCO'S BEAUTIFUL WORK.

The Work of the Piedmentese Priest Among Italy's Poor-Silvio Pellico's Last Home, TURIN, Feb. 2, 1888.-In the northern as well as in the old aristocratic parts of Turin are narrow streets, looking all the narrower because they are jammed in between such stately immense palaces. Forty and old years ago, there lived in one of the biggest and gloomiest of these palaces a brisk, active, delightful little old lady called the Marchesa di Barolo. How, being French and a descendant of the Illustrious family of Colbert, she came to win the Piedmontese nobleman, how he left her, quite young still, a childless widow endowed with all his worldly goods, among them the Casa Barolo, matters little; enough that she dwelt therein till her death at an advanced age, a bright little bird in a huge gilded cage, that she seemed the fairy of the gaunt pile, with its heavy marbles, lofty and endless suites of rooms, frescoed ceilings, and tall win-dows, through which only a dim light filtered upon the silken hung and tanestried walls, because, however dazzling the outer sunshine, it could only dart a few paie rays down into the cool, dusky, narrow street. It used to be a curious sight to see the old

cause. however dazzling the outer sunshine, it could only dart a few pale rays down into the cool, dusky, narrow street.

It used to be a curious sight to see the old Marchesa dining in her apparently boundless dining saloon at a small round table, the silver plate on the distant sideboard twinkling like remote stars in the shadow, while white-headed retainers, in the family liveries, busied themselves in hovering round the table and ministering to her frugal appetite. It was more curious still to see her receive visitors, and, in order to entertain them, show them the treasures of the Palazzo, running with short, quick steps across the inlaid floor, and, with white, wrinkled, jewelled fingers shaking as silve passed the noddling heads of Chinese Mandarins, opening a steel-chasped monastic Bible. slip over the beads of some saint's rosary, unfold the doors of unique cento reliquary, or point with a backward glance to the miniature of come notorious beauty of the wicked reign of the responsibility. But strangest of all if was to hearher stop suddenly, and, in her shrill, quick, but not unmusical voice, ask suddenly. Have you seen Pollieo? then whisper an order to an usher in black, and lead the way back to her usual sitting room. Then, while a sedate majordomo, followed by two equally sedate satelities, brought in the black coffee which is invariably offered in old Piedmontese houses to every caller at whatever time of the day he comes, a portifier would be softly lifted in the corner of the big, dim apartment and a small, pale, white-haired man in clerical costume would gilde in, bow to the Marchesa, rubbing his bands, and be introduced as the "Abbé Pellico, it was indeed Silvio Pellico, the author of "Miel Prigioni," the friend, the guest, the companion of the hostess, finding in her home a restriution, they could reined the substance of white-haired man in clerical costume would gilde away again, his steps all the more hesitating from rapidly increasing blindness.

The Marchesa the wolcome words: "Don't stop,

"young ruffians" grew into honest workmen, and, in some cases, into blameless priests.

At the outset of the labors he undertook Den Bosco was met at every step by great material difficulties: he was very poor himself, and he found no one willing to give him a gratuitous shelter for his little ones. At last he was successful in hiring for a nominal sum an old bara in that same suburb of Voldono, in which he ended his days. An altar was erected at one ended his days. An altar was erected at one ended his days. An altar was erected at one ended his days. An altar was erected at one ended his days. An altar was erected at one ended his days. An altar was erected at one ended his days. An altar was erected at one ended his days. An altar was erected at one ended his days. An altar was erected at one ended his days. An altar was erected at one ended his days. An altar was erected at one ended his days. An altar was erected at one ended his days. At latar was erected at one ended his days of Turin to officiate in the barn, that dignitary of the Church had to remove his mitre before ascending the altar steps, as the ceiling was too low to admit of the warring it. Yet ten years later, on the very spot where thet lewisy beginning was made, a large building and a church stood completed, accommodating two hundred children, who were housed, clad, fed, and educated by the gentle shepherd: ten years more elapsed, and in 1865 the number of rescued walls had risen to eight hundred; a new home was founded at Alexandria, and from many parts of the land came patitions for a similar boon. To-day the life-long labor of Don Bosco has attained its full fruition; his work is complete; it is in the hands of priests trained by him, who, accepting the rule of St. François de Sales, under the name of Salesians, go all over the world bent on the same mission, reclaiming, receiving, educating young children, and lounding new homes. One hundred thousand little human beings have thus been brought upentirely gratuitously, first throughout Ital

his sublime trust and unvarying faith has ever met its reward.

Don Bosco was not an orator, neither had he that imposing personal appearance which attracts and fascinates. His person was homely, his features plain and even vulgar, his speech halting, his small eyes frequently velled and dim; but, as he said himself, he would see better when he did not look. To counteract these defects, he had the ardent charity and divine perseverance of heart and soul which made him all influential. He begged for his walls with slow, gentle, but rosistless pertinacity. You must give, he said, for the baker refuses to give me any more credit, and to-morrow my children will have nothing to eat," And somehow they all gave, even Ratazzi, even Victor Emanuel, high and low, gentle and simple—they all gave.

You must give." he said, for the baker refuses to give me any more credit, and to-morrow my children will have nothing to eat," And somehow they all gave, even Ratazi, even Victor Emanuel, high and low, gentle and simple—they all gave.

Don Bosco was credited throughout Italy with the gifts of second sight, of prophecy, and of miraculous cures. He was frequently sent for, even among the higher classes, to lay his hands on a dying child and bring it back to health. The simple-minded priest would refuse at first, saying that God alone saves the rich and sometimes dectors help Him; but he generally allowed himself to be persuaded on the secret plea that if he did not cure the little patient he would at least earn a little help for his own charges. However, early in his career of benevolence Don Boscodi perform a miracle, and a very starting one. He asked Ratazzi, then Minister of State, to allow him to take out for one whole day 200 youthful criminals detained in the prison of Turin. Ratazzi consented, saying that he would order an escert of a large police force. Bosco refused to take even one single constable, declaring that he would hold himself responsible for all the prisoners, and his reputation had already renched so extraordinary a height that his request was granted on his own terms. On the appointed day be came for the boys, took them into the Royal Park of Moncalier; some miles from the city, treated them, amused them, conversed with them, and at nightfull brought them back to the prison gates in well-disciplined ranks; not one was missing, and they had not plucked a flower or damaged a shrub in their rambles.

His influence over the 800 inmass of the Valdocce Home was such that he was never known to punish one of them, and they would gladly have died for him. Nor was his prestize conflued to children; men as little resisted the homely apostle as children, and he passed through the lonellest, most unsafe quarters of the city without fear. One night, returning to Valdocco with the alms received during the